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# Life and Light

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No. 8

**MISSIONARY PERSONALS.** Dr. Minnie Stryker, of Foochow, has arrived in Boston for her furlough, coming *via* the Suez Canal. She hopes to attend clinics and lectures at the Harvard Medical School during the summer. Miss Elsie M. Garretson, of the same mission, an aunt of Miss Stryker, who has been resting for several months in California, is now in New England for awhile. Miss Annie Barker, of Gedik Pasha, has come to her home in Canada for a brief vacation, which she greatly needs.

**TELLING THE REAL NEWS.** The secular press of the country is waking up to the fact that the missionary movements are really a part of the world's news. An indication of this is the acceptance by a hundred newspapers, scattered over a wide range of territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, of articles sent to them regularly by the American Board. This new feature of its work is in charge of Miss Frances J. Dyer, whose long experience as an editor and leader of classes in current events, has qualified her for this important service. To gain a foothold among readers who presumably never see a missionary publication, is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and one that may lead to far-reaching results.

**MISSIONARIES IN CONFERENCE.** The twenty-fourth annual session of the International Missionary Union was held at Clifton Springs, June 5-11. One hundred and fifteen missionaries, representing thirteen different countries, were present. At the quiet hour on successive mornings the topics, "The Glorious God," "The Glorious Gospel," "The Glorious Church," "The Glorious Transformation" and "The Glorious Service," were made very solemn and real. Glimpses were given of the marvelous changes wrought in India, Burma, Siam and Korea. The possibility of the speedy evangelization of Mohammedan lands was considered, and the great opportunities in China were emphasized. Much information was brought concerning the work in pagan Africa and the islands of the Pacific, and special consideration given to the part young people may have in the evangelization of the world. The whole week was filled with precious fellowship and inspiration to those who were present, and nowhere is a better oppor-

tunity than at such a conference to study foreign missions at first hand, and nowhere a greater privilege in meeting the veterans of the Lord's army.

**THE GREAT CONFERENCE IN SHANGHAI.** The long planned for conference of all evangelical missions in China was full of cheer and inspiration. Celebrating the centenary of the coming of Robert Morrison to the Middle Kingdom, it gave most of its time, not to history, but to present problems and opportunities. Earnest consideration of practical questions concerning evangelistic, educational and medical work, the use of the Bible and other Christian literature, the attitude of the native Christians to various local matters, and the spreading of the gospel, filled the sessions with weighty and helpful words. "A hundred years ago one solitary man was struggling against many and varied obstacles to carry the gospel to the Chinese, now 3,800 men and women representing 82 societies, besides many independent workers, are giving their lives to the task. "The dominant note of the conference was unity and progress, . . . and we felt drawn together in a way hitherto unknown in China. It was a wonderful gathering, which marks a milestone of the centuries in the great task of the world's conversion."

**A JOURNALIST'S VIEW.** At a recent Friday meeting Mr. William T. Ellis, of Philadelphia, just returned from a tour to visit missions round the world, talked to us of what he had seen. Rarely do we have the privilege of the world view seen by non-professional eyes, for most of us, and of our missionaries, are limited to knowledge of only a small part of the field. Mr. Ellis said many things to stir our gratitude and enthusiasm, adding that we ought to "throw up our hats" at every mention of our brave and devoted missionaries. He purposely sought the critics of missions that he might know all that could be said against them, but in so doing he only learned the more thoroughly how weak and baseless are all their statements. His words made us share his feeling that the grandest, most abiding work to be done in the world is the carrying the true gospel to all men, and that we are honored and blessed to have any share in it.

**GOOD NEWS FROM TURKEY.** At last the government has issued the long-desired *iradé*, which gives much more freedom to our schools and teachers than they have hitherto enjoyed. We may rejoice for our workers, and hope that they will be able to do far more, and that far more easily than in the past. News comes also that the Code Napoleon is to take the place of the Koran as the standard of all matters of law. This change should simplify many things, and facilitate the administration of justice through all the empire.



**OUR TREASURY.** Contributions to the treasury of W. B. M. from May 18th to June 18th for regular pledged work amounts to \$9,457.24. This is less by more than eight hundred dollars than came in for the same purpose during the corresponding month of 1906; but for our encouragement, we note that for eight months there is a gain of \$704.57, our regular receipts for the corresponding eight months of last year. Glad and thankful in our summer recreations, let us make no mistake as we measure our opportunity and privilege in—shall we call it “giving?”

**HONOR TO A VETERAN.** Since the organization of the W. B. M. I., Rev. G. S. F. Savage has audited its accounts. On June 29th he passed his ninetieth birthday, and on the day preceding the officers of the Board gathered to express their appreciation of his long service and counsel. Dr. Savage is still keen in mind, and in warm and vigorous sympathy with all that is good. Mrs. Savage is the editor of the W. B. M. I. department, the last eight pages of *LIFE AND LIGHT*.

**NEWS OF THE BITLIS EARTHQUAKE.** The letters telling in detail of the great shock were late in arriving, but we can easily understand that our missionaries had scant time for writing, in all the excitement and care. Rev. R. M. Cole writes on April 13th: “Three hundred houses have fallen, and many more seriously damaged. The streets are clogged by the remains of our over twenty-eight feet of snow (!), and every day the shattered walls are toppling down, so that people fear to pass through these narrow, dangerous lanes. Most of the inhabitants are living outside the city on the snow, in such booths and tents as they can improvise. We are having almost continuous rains and cold. With water freezing in our tents, and fear from rains needed to carry off these deep snows, one longs for a secure domicile indoors. Still we should be grateful it is no worse. Added to this trouble, the government has repudiated all partly worn silver currency. Many poor people had nothing but a poor pittance of such money for their support; and the bread is thus snatched from their mouths, and they are left famishing in the city and the villages round about.

**WORK IN ALBANIA.** A year or two ago a man from Albania came to the American Board to ask that missionaries might go to his people. He pleaded his cause most earnestly, but at that time the Board had neither funds nor workers for that field. Now a special fund for Albanian work is nearly completed, and we hope missionaries will soon go thither. The race is sturdy and intelligent, and they hold their Mohammedanism, which was forced upon them, very lightly.

OF ANOTHER RACE. Among the recent items from the school for girls in Abadazar, in Western Turkey, we find this word: "The latest addition to the school is a girl from Abyssinia. Her father is an Abyssinian officer in the king's palace. Her mother is an Armenian. The girl is almost black, but very bright and interesting. When she arrived she told the girls that in her country people ate each other. Miss Farnham writes that the first thing they did for her was to send her to the bath."

THE SCHOOL AT NORTHFIELD. About the time this number goes from the mailing company, the sessions of the school at Northfield for the United Study of Missions will begin. We hope for a profitable season with a large attendance, to gain impetus for the study of *Gloria Christi* next year.

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### PIONEER MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE IN AFRICA

The accompanying article, "A Night in a Jungle," was written by Mrs. George Champion, one of the pioneer missionaries to the Zulus. In December, 1834, six young men, Messrs. Adams, Champion, Grant, Lindley, Venable and Wilson, with their wives, sailed from Boston to the Zulu Mission. They landed at Cape Town,



REV. GEORGE CHAMPION  
Pioneer Missionary to the Zulus



MRS. GEORGE CHAMPION

February 6, 1835. It had been planned at Boston that six of the missionaries should establish a mission about one thousand miles north of Cape Town, to be known as the Inland Mission; the others, including Mr. and Mrs. Champion, to go to Port Natal and then to the country of Dingaan, one of the great chiefs; this to be known as the Maritime Mission. On account of war in Kaffraria, through which their route

lay, Mr. and Mrs. Champion were detained till July. Both found much to do; held some service every day. Mr. Champion says in his journal, under date of September 13, 1835: "Oh, 'tis a happiness to be a missionary in Africa!" A son was born December 17, 1835. Traveling in ox-carts, with many delays, they reached Dingaan's Land, January, 1836. Several times Mr. and Mrs. Champion were separated; one experience Mrs. Champion describes hereafter. Mr. and Mrs. Champion returned to this country in 1839, quite broken from exposure and privation in health, but hoping to return to their loved work after a rest; but both died in this country of consumption—Mr. Champion in 1841, Mrs. Champion in 1846.

"THE king's messengers call for you." So said one of the young girls whom the Zulu king had sent to us to be trained in the ways of civilization and Christianity. We were among the first missionaries sent to Africa by the A. B. C. F. M. White houses were being built for us. We lived in tents, and I was in great dread lest some of the wild beasts that prowled around should find their way in. One night, when my husband was absent on a missionary tour, and I was left with only my baby for company, I was wakened by the snarling of hyenas in the tent, and my first thought was that they were quarreling over him. My loud shriek sent them scurrying away in terror. Baby was safe, but we were in utter darkness, else the hyenas would not have ventured in. My lamp, with butter for oil and a rag for a wick, had gone out. I relighted it, and with devout thanks to God for our preservation, I was soon asleep again. At another time, hearing a commotion in the chicken yard, I lighted a lantern, called up my missionary neighbor, and together we frightened and drove off the hyenas who were making a midnight repast.

Dingaan, the king of the Zulu tribe, though very kind to us, giving us land and help in building houses, besides numerous presents, was tyrannical and very cruel to his own people. They must do his bidding promptly or they were dead men. If sent with a message, they must run fleetly both ways, whatever the distance, stopping for nothing till they again appeared before the king. His cruelty was so great that many of his subjects revolted and chose his brother for their king. This angered Dingaan to such a degree that he sent his messengers to kill with their clubs those who had gone over to his brother, and those also whom he even suspected of being unfaithful to him. Neither women nor children were spared in the families of the suspected men. Frequently the victims, though left for dead where they fell, were only stunned, and my husband, with the aid of a Dutchman who was working for him, revived many, and secretly fed them until they could make their escape. In some way Dingaan learned of the help thus rendered and sent his messengers to our house. I knew what their coming meant, and with a prayer for help went to meet them, holding my child in

such a position that a blow aimed at me must strike him also. They raised their clubs as I appeared at the door, but as no one spoke, I asked, with a quiet voice, if they could tell me where my husband was. The answer came, "How do we know; under the bushes"—meaning that he had been killed. I asked for his associate, and received the same answer. Then I asked what they wanted of me. "You are an enemy of the king," one said. I replied, "I am a friend of the king." Another said, "You harbor the king's enemies." "Prove it," I replied. At that instant the cry of a child came from a shed on the premises. "There is the proof; now call whoever is hidden there to come out," was the stern order. Could I do it? Could I call out to certain death those who had hoped to find shelter and protection on the premises of the missionary? There was no other way, for the men would have found them. So, telling the messengers that they must take their victims far away from the house, I gave the call.

Two women and a child, who had hidden in the shed without my knowledge, came out and reproached me for calling them. The messengers, apparently in no haste, sat down on the grass, and telling the women to do the same, talked with them a long time and with some merriment, but at last led them away to a distant clump of bushes where the three were left apparently dead. When my husband returned some hours later, he went with his assistant to look for them and found one woman alive. Not long after this we were warned to leave, and decided to go to Port Natal. The associate missionary had already left.

• With the aid of the assistant, our carpenter, who had already been warned that his life was in danger, our preparations were speedily made. A cart, two yoke of oxen, and a cow were secured, and all we could take was packed into the cart. There were some friends among the Zulus who also helped in a quiet way. When others, unfriendly ones, learned that we were going away they drove off our cow and one yoke of oxen, and surrounded the cart in which we were already seated, shouting and jumping and brandishing their spears, asking if they were sharp enough to run through the white people. This was kept up till near sunset, at which time the natives go to their homes.

When they were gone I was asked whether I would stay there with a certainty of a renewal of trouble in the morning ending in our death, or cross the river and pass the night in a jungle, infested with wild beasts, from which no one was ever known to come out. "I will go to the jungle," was my reply.

Our boat was on the opposite bank of the river, and our helper swam over for it, braving the many crocodiles. As the boat could not be brought close

to the bank, baby and I were carried to it and pushed into deeper water, where my husband got in, safe, at least, from crocodiles. We were landed and left while he went back for needed articles from the cart. The trip would take little time, but before he could return a sudden storm of strong wind and heavy rain broke upon us. In the darkness he could not find the place when he left us, and though I could distinctly hear him calling and shouting, my answering calls could not reach him for the wind, and after a long search he gave up and returned to the other bank filled with anxiety for our fate. My heart sank. What could I do there in the jungle in a furious storm. I had a lantern, and lighting it shielded it with my skirt as long as possible, but at last the light was blown out and we were left in black darkness. I had noticed near me a small open space with a bush in the center, and at the first sound from an animal, having already seen fiery eyes, I sprang to my feet and ran round and round that bush, singing with all my might. Baby, frightened, joined his cries, and for hours we kept that up, singing, crying, running, praying. I thought of Daniel in the den of lions, and knew that my God could keep us from all harm, and if he so willed, we should leave the jungle in safety.

In the morning I saw not far from us a place where the wild beasts went to the river to drink, and when the sun was well up and they had gone to their lairs, I went to it as a spot where we could be easily found. I knew my husband would come to search for us as soon as possible, but I could hear shouts from the other side and was sure he was surrounded by natives—possibly friendly, but perhaps unfriendly, and intent on his death. Baby cried from hunger and discomfort, for the bottle of arrow-root I had prepared for him was broken. There was no food for either of us, and our clothes were soaked by the rain. I spread what I could on bushes to dry in the sun, and waited, waited. Hour after hour passed with pleadings for help, the shouts still sounding, for what cause I knew not. Midday came with no relief to my fears and no help. Anxiously I watched the sun, for I had determined that when it reached a certain point I would go for the night to one of the hills in the distance where I would be safe from the large animals, and where I could frighten the hyenas and other small beasts with my voice.

At last that point was reached by the sun, and with one more prayer I would leave the river bank and go to a hill. Just then I heard the crack of a whip and knew that help was near. My calls soon brought my husband to me. He said that the natives by whom he had been surrounded were friendly, begging him to stay, and preventing his departure in every possible way. After satisfying our hunger from the provisions in the cart, we

started on our toilsome journey of many miles over hills so steep that I was obliged to climb up by the aid of bushes with baby tied to my back, and let myself down in the same way with baby tied in front.

The missionaries at Port Natal had heard a report of our death, and sent a messenger to another station with the tidings. This man met us on the road and fell in a dead faint from fright at seeing, as he supposed, our ghosts. By the time we reached our destination I was so exhausted that I was lifted from the cart and taken in to be cared for by the group who had been grieving and praying over our deaths.

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### THREE GIRLS OF TALAS

BY MISS ADELAIDE S. DWIGHT

LAST June a class of five was graduated at the Talas girls' boarding school. Because that class has been in some respects an unusual one, I want to tell something about two or three of its members. The girl who, all through her course, had the highest marks in school, is the daughter of a Cesarea tailor. The father is a well-to-do man, who, though not himself a Protestant, is a warm friend of the missionaries. This man wanted his



OFF DUTY. SCHOOLGIRLS AT TALAS

daughter to have every possible advantage, and sent her, as a wee tot, to the kindergarten in the city. Then, after two or three years in a Gregorian school, she came to Talas to be one of the "city girls" in the boarding school. There have never been many girls from Cesarea in school; partly because of the conservatism that thinks a girl must be married before she is fifteen, and partly because of the desire of parents to gain as much as pos-

sible through their girls ; a desire that makes them set a girl to rug weaving at twelve or thirteen, so that she may bring in, perhaps, five cents a day for her family. "Why should a girl be educated?" these people argue. "Her book learning will not help her in the kitchen, where a woman belongs."

Men like this Cesarea tailor, who wanted his daughter to grow into an intelligent woman, whether she earned anything or not, and even if she was not married until twenty, are doing much to change the old customs. For the past three years this girl has been one of the sweetest, most earnest, most "dependable" girls in school, her influence being felt in all the class. She and others of this class have been leaders in public opinion, and



"THE WALK" AT TALAS SCHOOL

have helped to lay the foundations whereon a sort of self-government may be built up for the girls. We hated to lose her from the school, but were delighted when she accepted the invitation to become the teacher of our new primary school in Cesarea.

This school is the first offshoot from the model school started for our graduating class two or three years ago. The girls have always gone out into the villages and to the city to teach the children in the same way they and their mothers and their grandmothers were taught. For although they were taught by different methods in our school, they could not apply these methods to primary children ; and so the poor babies would sit on the floor and do nothing, until it came their turn to recite "a-b, ab," or its Armenian

equivalent. Now, the seniors have a course in pedagogy and study methods in our primary school; and then are ready to start out in a different way.

This primary school in our building is taught this year by another of our last June's graduates. The close friend of the one I have been describing, she, too, stood well in her lessons, and is doing fine work as a teacher. To see this girl, neat and pretty, wide-awake, and talking English with almost the idiomatic correctness of an American girl, one would never guess that a few years ago she came to school from one of the most miserable of out-station villages. Poor, never having seen anything outside of her own village, she was eager to learn anything and everything that would help her on. These two were leaders in every way, and we are glad indeed that we can keep them and their influence near us for a little while.

But these are unusual girls. Before I close, I want to speak of one more girl of that class. She was one of the massacre orphans, supported by special funds; and when, three years ago, the money came to an end, we rather questioned what to do with her. She seemed rather unpromising, slow and apparently not much influenced by what she had learned in school. So we thought it just as well when she decided to stay out, and teach in the Gregorian school in her village. We never thought she would come back to school, but last year she wrote, asking if she might come. She had saved some money, and so returned to take her senior year. And she was a different girl; eager to learn, eager to help, quiet and slow as ever, but an influence for good in the school. When, that fall, I went on a visit to her village, the Protestant pastor's wife, a newcomer there, told me that when she came to town the year before, she heard the Gregorians were having women's prayer meetings. One day she thought she would go to their meeting, and found the leader to be a young girl, talking earnestly to a crowd of older women. "As soon as I heard her speak," said the pastor's wife, "I knew she was one of the Talas schoolgirls." It was our orphan girl who had learned the lesson of service, while we thought she was not gaining anything in her years at school. Now she has returned to teach in that same village, and be a power for good in the Gregorian community.

And so it is. These girls are only three of many who are coming out to take their places in the world, there in Turkey. Many are disappointing to those who have spent time and strength to help them, but many more are helping on the time when the Christian woman shall have the place she deserves in the community where she lives.

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THE natives of Burmah knew Adoniram Judson by the name of "Jesus Christ's man"—a most beautiful title to him.



## NEWS FROM MICRONESIA

In her annual report Miss Baldwin says:—

THERE has been very much to be thankful for: The general good health of the girls; the happier spirit which has prevailed among them; the little vacation which my sister and I were able to enjoy at the beginning of the year; the sparing to us a home for our girls by the speedy checking of a fire which started in the building; and the precious hope we have concerning the



GIRLS IN RUK

little one whom God took home to himself on Sunday, the third of February, are but a very few of the many mercies with which he has crowned our way.

In all previous reports prepared by us since taking charge of this school we have had the joy of having to record no death in the membership. This year God has twice come very near to us. First, it was the wife of one of our native teachers, who was visiting us in the hope that the change and the care here given would bring back health and strength, but God took her. We wondered why she had been allowed to come here to die, in the building with so many girls, but then we could see God's hand in it. It afforded an

opportunity of teaching the girls to trust our Heavenly Father, and of striving to conquer the inbred fear of the spirits of the dead, which holds most of the people of these islands in a terrible bondage. At evening prayers, while this woman was passing through the valley of the shadow of death, the girls were told that she would probably be called to go during the night, but that there was nothing for them to fear; Jesus would just come and take one of his own home. The girls then went to look once more on her face while living, and afterwards retired to their rooms. At midnight her spirit fled, and in the morning, as the girls quietly filed into the room, they could



HOME IN RUK

scarcely believe that she was gone, so peaceful and happy was the expression on her face.

It was during this experience that our little Amy said that she wanted to die here in this school, and never return to the outside life; but who, at that time, gave any heed to the words of the merry, rollicking child? Yet in less than three months her wish had been fulfilled. God came and took her to himself after only one day's illness. So suddenly and unexpectedly did the end come that there was no expression during the last moments of her faith in Jesus; but the evidence of her life during the past months seems to show that God was preparing her for the change. Her home was in the western part of this lagoon, and shortly before her death word came

concerning her father which greatly troubled her. On hearing that Mrs. Jagnow was weeping over the news of her father's death, Amy said, "I am going upstairs to cry about my father, too, for I am afraid that he will die in his sins." Not that her father has been indifferent to the gospel, for both he and his wife have been preparing to unite with the church; but he had taken up a certain line of work which rarely ends with anything but downfall. It was this that so grieved Amy, and she sent word to him not to seek for earthly riches, for she was going to strive for heaven. Who knows but that God has taken her now that her family and her companions here may be drawn closer to him? It was a new experience, after her death, to come up the hill from a church service to find the girls, who had preceded us, sitting in little groups, with bowed heads, silently weeping. It may be we needed this trial to help them the better to realize the earnestness of life, and the folly of delaying to prepare for the world beyond.

A missionary society was formed among our girls in February, 1906; and as a result of the monthly collections we were able to send \$6.25 for work among girls in Africa. It seemed such a small amount, when the sealed box in which the offerings had been kept was cut open, and all wished that it might have been more; but it has been given and sent forth with many prayers, in the name of Him who by his blessing made the five loaves and few fishes feed a multitude. That the money should be sent to Africa was the unanimous choice of all the girls, for they said, "They are in darkness, just as we were once, and we want them to have the light."

Our work is still hindered by the lack of a vessel to visit our stations, especially those in the Mortlock Islands. We have had no opportunity to take the girls from those islands to visit their homes, nor to secure new scholars from our churches there. We do not, indeed, know how many new pupils could be secured through those islands in their present spiritual state. But does not this only emphasize more strongly the need of some means of communication with them—that in this season of great temptation they might be visited and helped? We almost dread the coming of our much-desired mail in these days, for then we must always face the question, "What is the news about a ship?" and how can we answer that inquiry?

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IN the chapter on "Giving" in the Mahabbarat, the great epic of India, it is written: "A man who has ten cows should give one, and the man who has one hundred cows should give ten, and the man who has one thousand should give one hundred, all giving proportionately."

## SHE GAVE HER ALL

BY REV. H. G. BISSELL OF AHMEDNAGAR

(See Frontispiece)

ONE Sunday morning during the famine of 1901, a handful of Christians in a village near Ahmednagar were going to celebrate the communion at sunrise. As I approached the town on my wheel, about dawn, a man, who had been watching me coming, walked slowly to the middle of the road and motioned with his uplifted hands, the palms turned toward me, to stop. As I greeted him with the "Peace to you. How is everything?" his face revealed the convert baptized a few months before. It was a sad face to-day. "What has happened, Baba?" (Baba to an adult is a familiar "Sir.") "Our little boy died last night. His mother said, come to the house before you go to meeting. You can return at once. I'll show you the way; it's not far." And before I knew it he had bowed down, touched my feet and raised his hands to his forehead, combining a salutation and a petition.

The man and his wife had been baptized amid the jeers and taunts of many friends and more foes. It had been a great day for the kingdom when they confessed Jesus of Asia as their Saviour and Lord. Want and woe were widespread in the land. Ostracism followed their change of faith and multiplied troubles. The only child, illy fed, grew sick. The parents became frantic. No medicines were available. Every hour of the day was precious for earning a few scanty mouthful of food. Care and nourishment would have saved the boy.

We came to the house. As we entered the brusque, but brave husband, no longer a father, said to his wife: "Don't weep now. What can we do for him? Look, the Sahib has come." In a dark corner of the only room, near the few rough, ragged bits of blanket, where the babe had been lying, sat the sobbing, childless woman. Her whole frame shook with grief too great to control. The bare body of their boy lay in her lap. Anon she would lift him to her heart, and then would bend over and press her lips and hands upon the cool, lifeless face, with all the yearning of a soul robbed of its one desire. "Why can't he come back to me, my king? What will I hold in these arms now; whom will my eyes watch now?"

I read from the 14th chapter of John's Gospel the immortal words: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe in me. There are mansions to live in. I will come for you all; where I am ye shall be." A word of prayer for faith in an ever-living, always-near God; for courage and strength to endure to the end; then the funeral procession formed. The

childless father carried the body on his arms. The bereft mother followed with bent shoulders and streaming eyes. I was the third mourner. "Don't disturb the rest of the people," the father had said, "we'll do all ourselves." There was no procession, no hearse, no cemetery. We dug a grave by the side of a low hill. The mother parted from her boy's body, and we laid it away on the hard stones and in the dirt. To prevent the clods and rough rocks from falling upon the child I threw my coat down for the winding sheet. We filled in the grave, left a mound for memory, and gathered about the table to celebrate the sacrifice of him whose body was crushed for the salvation of the world. The mother crouched near the rude table to get all the comfort she could.

After telling the people where we had been, I read from the 7th chapter of Revelation, "They shall hunger no more. God shall wipe away every tear;" and from the 21st chapter: "God himself shall be with them. Death shall be no more, neither mourning, nor pain. He that overcometh shall inherit these things." The mourning father arose and interrupted, "O God, do not let go of us. To the end make us faithful. Make us ready for that time."

The service was over. Nothing besides the morsel of bread received at the table passed the lips of most of those famine-wasted participants all that Sabbath day. The contribution plate passed among the people and came back to the table. Then the mourning mother, silent by herself, hitherto, stood up and said, "Please forgive me, I will say but two words; our boy we were going to give to God to-day, and ask that he be baptized. Now God has taken him. Only this is left." She thrust her hand into the bundle of rags which clung to her, who knows how, and drew out a pair of brass bangles, mere penny trinkets, which she had slipped off the thin wrists of her babe before we laid him in the grave, adding in a trembling voice, "These were his, my boy's, now we give them to the Lord; there they are." And she crouched down to her crying and comfort again by the table.

She could have exchanged the bangles for a mouthful of food down in the bazaar—but she gave her all to her Lord. They and their all belonged to the Lord. Some call these poorer classes of converts "rice Christians." Most of them cannot be bought with rice or price. They have been purchased by Christ. They do without food and friends; they wear rags and leave their roofs for his sake. How many in America, opulent and over-running with God's gifts, give for the cause of Christ's kingdom and go hungry? The honored President of these United States has lately said, "I am for making the conditions which obtain in the best communities of our civilized land just as universal as possible;" a task that is worthy of the American. Humanity is greater than nationality.

## THE NEW WOMAN IN BULGARIA

(From the report of the European Turkey Mission)

THE Bulgarian woman is looking up. Even the peasant women, accustomed for ages to be simply hewers of wood and drawers of water, and to be valued according to their muscular development and the dimensions of their "cheese" (which is, being interpreted, wedding outfit), are finding their true place as souls and citizens, and daring to raise their voices in protest against wrongs to themselves and their dear ones.



SOME OF BULGARIA'S COMING WOMEN—GIRLS IN MONASTIR SCHOOL

Several years ago we learned of Macedonian peasant women scolding their priests for being lazy and ignorant, and threatening not to receive them in their villages unless they gave them sermons and taught them the Bible "as the Protestants do." It is not two years since the women of Pansarel, a village between Samokov and Sofia, petitioned the government to close all the saloons in their village, and for fifteen months that place has been dry. If the men still find liquor, it is not in a comfortable and inviting saloon, as formerly. During the past year many of the more enlightened

women of Stara Zagora, in Bulgaria, have petitioned the Holy Synod, asking that the orthodox church change its methods and give the people sermons in place of liturgy, thus making the way of life more plain.

Even in Samokov, during the past year, a simple woman has made a great stir in the orthodox church by gathering together large numbers of women on Sundays, and reading and explaining the Bible to them. Opposed by the bishop here, and ignored by the Holy Synod to whom she appealed, this simple woman showed much courage and perseverance, and held her meetings regularly for about a year. Finally, when, like Joan of Arc, she had frequent and curious dreams which she interpreted—by the aid of the Virgin Mary—to the reproach and discomfiture of the Church Fathers of the town (of which there are nine), the priests interrupted the meetings, scolded her and her associates, accused her of practicing witchcraft, and forbade her to preach or the others to listen any longer “Then preach yourselves!” she told them. Almost immediately the priests commenced an extra preaching service, but it is said that the higher clergy are moving to stop it. The woman is biding her time. She seems confident that she was led of God to stir up in this nation a desire for spiritual life, and that God will again call her to lead if other leaders fail.

All this shows that although the facts and figures which form this report may seem insignificant, the spirit of inquiry and liberty is moving among the Bulgarian women. They are beginning to discover that even a cipher may have great power when it has found its true place.

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## A SEWING SOCIETY IN TALAS

The secretary of this society, in writing to a missionary in this country, sums up their work as follows (see illustration on page 208 in May number):—

EVERY Monday from fifteen to eighteen members meet at the appointed place and sew from 1.30 to 4, and sometimes to 5 o'clock. Up to this time we have collected nearly seven *lire* (about thirty dollars); and by the means of this money we have been able to distribute to different poor people, 41 shirts, 15 pairs of drawers, 25 yards of unbleached muslin, 3 sheets, 12 dresses, 6 *entari* (long gowns for boys), 2 pairs of trousers, 2 blouses, and ten *piasters* in money (about fifty cents).

The winter has been very severe here, and often the reports brought by the committee are very sad stories. We have a committee for looking up the poor in both the upper and lower quarter. Sometimes we have had to give coal and other necessaries. This year we are also mending the clothes

of the schoolboys. Every week we mend about five pieces of their clothing, and while we are sewing a member reads to us. We have been reading *Titus, a Comrade of the Cross*, and have nearly finished it. (Then follows a list of names of the members of the society.)

We hope that our friends will help by their prayers and by their aid to make this society more useful.

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## THE ABBIE B. CHILD MEMORIAL SCHOOL

BY MISS HARRIET L. OSBORNE

WE have just had our supper out on a great grave in the heart of a little pine grove outside our compound wall. It is a jolly old grave! Not a thing to suggest its ghostly associations. It is built of solid stone in horse-shoe shape, with long, curved arms almost hidden in a wild tangle of vines and ferns. From either end a grinning stone lion peeps out, guarding the entrance in a highly jocular manner, and suggesting a circus more than a funeral! Across the middle of the back of the horseshoe is an ample stone seat, with a great horizontal slab broad enough to hold ourselves, our books, and make a well-appointed supper table.

We often try to imagine the reflections of the old fellow laid on the shelf behind this big stone at our backs. For more than a century he has seen his descendants, to the third and fourth generations, come at proper times and offer in his honor splendid feasts and clouds of incense, while they sit with bated breath (and empty stomachs) and wait for his spirit to regale itself on the material substance of the good things spread out. But here come these foreign children, early in the morning or in the glare of the moonlight, chattering and laughing, or reading some heathen book, to spread out their feast and devour every mouthful, with shameful disregard of courtesy due the hungry host.

There is always appetite and refreshing out on this piney old grave, and to-night delicious freedom and relief, for school is out, the girlies are gone, and the big house is silent except for lingering echoes and memories. They are tractable, well-behaved girls, but they are healthy, active girls, too, and there are fifty-four of them! That means fifty-four tongues and one hundred and eight feet; and they live in the same house with us all day and all night. Do you wonder that our nerves are a trifle sensitive or that we feel ourselves jump up like Jacks-in-a-box when the last little blue cotton bundle disappears out of the compound gate and down the long hill.

I wish you might have seen "Perfect Flower" go! The dear girl has, I



think, without exception, been the first one in at the beginning of each term and almost the first to leave at its close. To-day, when her clean blue garments were nicely folded and tied in the great blue handkerchief, and the cotton bed rolled tight and bound with a string, she came with her usual quiet dignity to say, "Peace, peace, quietly sit," and then darted away. I saw her a few moments later at the compound gate; she poised an instant on the threshold, turned with a lingering glance at the big school home, then with head erect and arms spread out, away she flew like a bird down the steep path. I almost started to call her back; it seemed so wicked to let her go like that—no hat on her head, no proper, warm jacket buttoned up under her chin—only a starched blue blouse fluttering in the wind, her feet in cotton cloth shoes with paper soles. But little brother was waiting in the dark old door at the end of the rice paddy way. She could not even wait for father to come for her and the bundle. Brother is such a little spider of a boy. He came with his sister when she returned this term, his puny little body big and brave in a funny coat made of many colors. But the family effort ended at the tanned knees, and the thin little legs hung down black and bare and pitiful. He said, "I come to stay," and I laughed and humored him, but shook my head at Perfect Flower. She did not fail to get my meaning, for before nightfall he was gone. I did want to keep the poor little fellow, if only to see what his body would do with three square meals a day, but alas! he was not a girl.

I dared not add any but the most urgent cases, for I feared our appropriation would not cover our expenses. And so it proved. The price of rice this term has been unprecedented. It is usually higher in the fall until the new crop comes in, but because of the awful famine at the North large quantities are sent thither and the supply here is scant.

You asked in your last about the prospects for a hospital and physician at Diong-loh City. A splendid site was secured several years ago, but nothing further accomplished. At our last mission meeting the fact was apparent that Dr. Whitney favors transferring the land to the Woman's Board for a woman's hospital and other work. I have not time now to go into the subject, but I feel most strongly that this important central point should be made the center of the work of the district, that the woman's school should be here and not at Pagoda Anchorage, that a resident evangelistic missionary and a boys' school should be planned now. They are immediate needs.

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HE who never connects God with his daily life knows nothing of the spiritual meanings and uses of life.—*Farrar.*

## WORK IN FOOCHOW

BY MISS ELLA J. NEWTON

[Miss Newton, of the W. B. M. I., has been in Foochow for nearly thirty years, and she has the care of the collegiate department of the Foochow girls' school.]

THE spirit of the preparatory school has been good, and the examination very gratifying. Their regular meetings have been well sustained, and a tender, serious feeling has pervaded the school. Three have united with the church. Good work has been done by the Evangelistic Band, not only in preaching the gospel, but in acts of kindness to the suffering. The hearts of the girls were deeply moved at the tale of famine in Central China, and they responded most generously, gladly giving money, and even their silver ornaments, which every Chinese girl holds dear, to help the sufferers, and, if they had been allowed to do so, they would have given up part of their daily food for the same purpose. On Monday mornings the pastors and preachers of the city and suburbs' churches have taken turns in conducting chapel exercises in Baldwin Hall, and both schools have joined in the services with much benefit. Two girls who were betrothed into heathen families were obliged to leave school and be married, but they have since been allowed to teach girls' day schools, and both have done good work. We hope the new school for girls, referred to in the college report, to be opened at the beginning of the year, will more thoroughly prepare the little ones, and reduce the amount of primary teaching required at present in the preparatory school.

## STATION CLASSES AND BIBLE WOMEN

These two classes of work are very similar and frequently overlap each other. Most of the station classes are taught by wives of pastors or preachers, and the women meet in some room connected with the church. Some of those who read are wives of members of the church who are anxious for them to understand the truth more fully; some are widows or women who have some leisure time and thus become easily interested. Occasionally we meet one whose early years were spent in a home where books were used, and she learned a few Chinese characters, hardly knowing what they meant. But it all helped, and the task does not seem so formidable to her as to her less fortunate sisters. What do they learn first? A printed sheet containing the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed. These are repeated by the audience in nearly every church on Sunday morning, and when the new women are able to follow in the repetition, they begin to feel that they are a part of the institution, and

reach out after the hymn book and the New Testament. A large proportion of the women who come into our churches come through the station classes, and some of them become Bible women. The classes have been small this year—five classes with a total of twenty-nine women, but they often do better work than when the classes are larger, as the teacher can give more help to each one.

One member of the first class started in Foochow, about 1892, never excelled in reading, but she had a heart full of love for souls, and for many years she has worked for the women near her home, bringing them in one after another. Sunday was a busy day for her, and she loved to go out after the women, or meet them when they came, with a word of cheer and a cup of tea, and then find a seat for them. If she was invited to a feast, she was sure to make it an opportunity to preach Christ to the guests. Disease at last fastened itself upon her, and confined her, first to her dark, little attic, and later to her bed of pain. It was not strange that she talked of her sufferings when we went to see her, but it took but a moment's effort to turn her thoughts away, and the bright smile came back while she talked of Jesus. Weaker and weaker she grew, till she told her friends she was going, and asked to be carried down stairs. Two days before the end we saw her, and her mind was wandering a little, but her heart was filled with peace, and she was earnestly exhorting the Christians, whom she seemed to see, to be true to God, and especially to come to church at the end of the year, when everyone is so busy that a rest day seems almost out of the question. No one who saw her could doubt that she was indeed going home, and while we miss her, we rejoice that she has gone to her reward.

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## MISSIONARY LETTERS

### MEXICO

Miss Mary Dunning, who is a teacher in Parrol, describes for us a celebration of a Roman Catholic holyday:—

Yesterday was *dia de la Cruz*. Such a banging of cannon and fire-crackers of every description, and in the evening more fireworks. Don Pedro Alvarado did not have such a performance as last year. Then he had a band of his miners dressed as Indians, who went through an Indian dance, on the plaza, before his house and in several other places. They were very well “toggled” out as Indians; it must have cost a great deal to furnish the costumes. The dance was about half an hour long, I should think, and a constant hopping. I should have thought by the end of the day they would have been ended, too. This time he had an altar fixed up

for some who were coming in from the mines, where they could worship. Among other adornments there were thirty-six looking-glasses of the kind that reflect everything on the bias, and each one had a little vase of artificial flowers before it. Looking-glasses, artificial flowers and curtains are among the chief adornments here.

#### MICRONESIA

Every word from these far-away workers is full of interest. Miss Baldwin wrote from Ruk last March:—

Mrs. Stimson arrived at the same time as your letter, after quite an experience, by the way. She arrived in Sydney one day too late to make connections with the *Germania*, so started for Hong Kong to meet her there, and ten days out from Sydney the vessel was wrecked. But I will not go into details as probably Mrs. Stimson will do that herself. We were very glad to see her looking so well as she does, but still we know that she is far from being in perfect health.

It is so hard to see constantly so much needing to be done, which we have neither time nor strength to accomplish. There should be one missionary to give his whole time to touring, which is greatly needed in such a field as this. It sometimes seems as if God was limiting the force in the mission field to a "Gideon's Army," that the praise may be wholly his own, yet we cannot but feel that the church at home fails at this time to realize her wonderful opportunity.

It would have been a great comfort to us if we had had some one to consult in the sickness of the young girl whom God took from us in February. Mr. Stimson was away at the time, and we could only consult the few medical books we have and pray God to give us wisdom in administering the remedies. We cannot understand her case, for it would almost seem like cholera in the swiftness with which it ran its course, but the symptoms were those of dysentery. It was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that there was any thought of her illness being serious, and she died shortly after midnight.

Miss Olin, probably now the only white person in Kusaie, is brave and devoted; but reading between the lines of her letters one sees how hard the work must be:—

When I was at Lelu last January waiting for the steamer to come, some of the Christian Endeavorers met with me to talk up a Junior Society; the result was that they organized last month, and have now thirty-six members. The superintendent is Rebecca, who was for a long time a member of our school, but was married nearly two years ago and lives at Lelu. She wrote me last week about their progress, a very encouraging report. We trans-

lated the Junior pledge, and I have printed one apiece for them on the typewriter. The children need to have something done for them to keep them from going into bad things. They have so little that it is no wonder that they soon learn all the evil that is to be known, for they have nothing good to take its place, and there is always some one ready to lead them astray.

And that reminds me of a question I wished to ask you, for my own ignorance on the subject is dense. Supposing I translated a little book, *The Peep of Day*, for them, how could I get it printed, and what would be the probable cost? We have it in Marshall, one hundred and thirty-six pages. It is just what the children need; easy enough for them to understand, and could be used as a text-book. I could do the translating easy enough at odd minutes, as my Kusaie keeps improving with my weekly meetings. Also, I have a daily recitation with three little Kusaie girls, which I conduct in their language as a help to myself. Please tell me, if you have time to answer my question. If it is finally decided that we are to leave Kusaie, I would like to do this much for them before leaving them to themselves. But I fear the cost of printing will be more than I can manage. If there were only some one here to operate the mission press, that could be repaired and used, and it could be printed here. Now the press is useless.

To-day is a beautiful, bright day, with only an occasional shower. Most of the girls have gone after *iaraj*, leaving the house in a state of quietness not often enjoyed by us. Our provisions and theirs came by last steamer, and they only have *iaraj* once in a while; but they like it for a change, and it is better that they have it. It seems good to us to have some new provisions, for we do get tired of the same things over and over again. Our bread maker opened a new tin of entire wheat soon after our things came, but could hardly be induced to believe that it was entire wheat, because "it had no smell." It is a relief to have some "without any smell," and our loaf of bread does not last us nearly as long as formerly.

Miss Wilson is planning to go to the Gilberts in May, about the time this letter reaches you. She intends to take Rebecca to Butaritari, that she may be married to Toromon, to whom she is engaged. There will be no way for Miss Wilson to come back until the steamer returns two months later, so during June and July you can think of me as all alone here. I only hope no one will get sick. That is the only reason I do not like to be left entirely alone. But we have had good health thus far, all but Miss Wilson, and she seems better than when I first came down; so I hope we will still be kept well. I hope also that the change will do Miss Wilson

good. It is over two years now since she came back, and since then she has hardly been away from the school. I get more change because I go to Lelu more frequently. Some one has to go at mail time, and the ride tires her much more than it does me, so I usually go.

## WESTERN TURKEY

Miss McCallum, since 1883 a teacher in the Collegiate Institute for Girls in Smyrna, tells of joyful experiences there:—

I have some very good news to tell you. We have had a real revival in our school, and we feel so glad and thankful for it. A Miss Gerber, from Konia (the ancient Iconium), was here for a fortnight, and held meetings, and a number of our girls were converted, and those who were already Christians were strengthened and helped. Some of the boys in the college and people in both congregations were also converted. There is quite a different spirit in the school, and I am so glad to see the girls showing their Christianity in the little details of their everyday life. For instance, other years in holiday time it was difficult to get the girls to keep their dormitories in good order, and this year everything was nice and tidy, and we did not even have to speak to them about it.

Two of the girls who were converted were Jewesses in the training class; the first Jewesses who have ever become Christians in our school. They are having a hard time, and are much persecuted, but they are standing true. They were educated in the Scotch mission school, and so had good Bible training. I had them this year, and several times asked prayers for them in our workers' meeting, for they seemed so hard to reach. One was so fanatical, and the other had all sorts of strange ideas, which I think she did not more than half understand herself, of theosophy, etc. Now they both seem quite changed, and are very much in earnest. There are some Gregorian girls, too, who are suffering a good deal from the persecution of their families and neighbors. I hope they will remain firm. It is a difficult thing to be a Christian in the old churches.

She incloses some kindergarten notes written by the Greek teacher, Mrs. Sophia Michalopoulon:—

The children are delighted to hear stories, but especially do they like, when instead of stories, in our morning talk we take imaginary walks or trips through other countries. Last year we took such a trip, stopping at different places in Germany, Denmark, etc. This year, one day after a lesson with the second gift, the children were allowed to play freely. They all used their boxes as boats going north again. One child cried out, "Stop; we have come to Germany." "No," cried another "you will not

touch at Germany going north." "Yes," cried another very intelligent little girl, about six years old, "you do, because we landed there last year."

When the children were asked by the teacher to tell some of the things they had at Easter, or what they did in vacation, almost all had done work at home. They did not remember so much what playthings they had had, but what they did for mamma. Most of the girls said they had swept and scrubbed the floor, set and cleared the table, washed the dishes, helped little brother or little sister to dress; and not one of these little girls is more than seven years old.

The boys are especially interested in soldiers; just now David is their hero. They enjoyed the story of Joseph, but David they love. One can tell that by the attention they pay, and the way in which they ask questions about him. They were very much touched by the story of his friendship with Jonathan.

#### TALAS

Miss Burrage, long a teacher in Cesarea, tells a little of the two kindergartens under her care. Talas is a close neighbor of Cesarea:—

In Talas, one of our kindergartens is for Armenian children and one for Greek children. This latter school was started the previous year, but the teacher died and the school was closed. This year another Greek teacher was employed, and many parents were very glad of the school. But soon there was sickness among the children and some died, so we closed for a few weeks. Now we have about seventeen children and we hope for more. Most of the children are from our Protestant congregation. Some of these families are very large, having, or have had, sixteen or more children.

The children were not used to school ways, and at first were running all around, but now they are learning fast. We expect to have an entertainment soon, so that other parents may see what the school is doing and be ready to send their children. The upper school (the other is in a lower part of Talas) has about thirty children now. In this kindergarten the training-class girls teach small classes every morning, together with the regular teacher. These girls live in the boarding school, and I have my lessons with them there in the afternoons. I have six girls, coming from as many different places.

There is much that has to be left undone, but we do what we can, and the Lord is a strong helper. I have been waiting for a human helper, but she has not come. We have some very nice children in our schools. I wish I had more time to be with them, to get acquainted with them. One grandmother says her two grandchildren used to swear at home, but now they are so different. Some children, when they come to us, are most unprepossess-

ing, but after awhile their faces light up and they take much interest in everything. We were sorry to hear the other day that the kindergarten in Yozghad, one of our out-stations, had lost its home by fire. No children were in the building at the time, but they lost all of their material. They have been anxious to get a new building, which we hope that the government will now grant permission for them to erect.

## INDIA

To see the need which they cannot help is a grief and a weariness to our missionaries. This is what Miss Emily Bissell sees as she superintends the schools for girls in Ahmednagar:—

The Maliwada School is our ragged school. It is outside the city, but still within city limits, and in one of the poorest quarters of the city, where the dregs of Indian society drag out some sort of an existence. I have each year given each girl a suit of clothes, but it is in rags long before the year is up, as in most cases it serves as both mattress and covering at night, in addition to day service. Poor, naked little midgets! I look at their unwashed little bodies and uncombed hair, and so often red watery eyes, and filthy rags tucked somehow around the hips, and just yearn to take them into my little boarding establishment and clean and dress them decently. Many of them are such dear chicks, and would brighten any kindergarten; and yet it is as much as I can do, in general, to touch them, they are so dirty! Bright as a new dollar, too, some of them.

It is often pitiful to see the rags the older girls come in. They are frequently kept at home to care for the baby, to bring water, to go into the city to beg scraps of food, to twist ropes, to make brooms, to do anything that will help turn a penny into the family exchequer. This, in spite of the fact that we employ a woman expressly to go from house to house to gather the pupils into the school.

One of our brightest girls has recently left the highest class to earn a little in a factory near by; another one has had sore eyes for several days; a third was taken away a month ago by her husband's relatives to his home. Out of the six nominally in the class, only two attend with any regularity.

## CEYLON

Miss Susan Howland, for more than thirty years a missionary in Ceylon, has sole charge of the girls' school at Uduvil while Miss Root is at home on her furlough. She wrote, on April 23d:—

Miss Green and I are spending our vacation on the hills of Ceylon, which I have never visited before. We are interested in the work that is being done here—open-air meetings, Y. W. C. A., etc. We are surrounded on



three sides by tea estates, and have pleasant walks through the tea gardens and through the woods and by the lake in the valley. We have rain nearly every day, but the mornings are beautiful, and we often get a walk between the showers in the afternoon. Our stay here has been very restful, and given us new courage and inspiration for the work.

Our school year closed in March just before Miss Root left. The senior class in the vernacular school was a larger one than usual—twenty-four girls. A few of them will come back to study English, or in the training class to fit themselves to be teachers, but ten of them go to heathen homes. Some went with tears, because their school life was finished. Some of them will meet trial and temptation in their Christian life. Our first low-caste girl was in the class that graduated. Her mother is now working as a Bible woman among her own people.

Miss Green received a warm welcome from those who knew her father and mother, and is taking hold efficiently of the school work as well as spending time on the language, which she had not entirely forgotten. There is plenty of work to be done. The Bible women need some one to go to the houses they visit. I would like very much to do more of this village work, but other duties crowd. We often go for a village meeting on Sunday afternoon, taking some of the schoolgirls with us.

#### JAPAN

Miss Gulick, who is doing a blessed evangelistic work in Miyazaki, put the little book, *The Beautiful Life*, into the hands of some Japanese friends with excellent results: She goes on to say:—

It is a striking story, and one that should make us very careful that our lives show out the beautiful character. We cannot tell who or how many are watching us and getting their idea of Christianity from what they see of us.

After this thought had been dwelt upon in a meeting in Obi, where I visited lately, a young judge, who led in prayer, nearly broke down under the sense of responsibility as a representative of Christ in the world.

We are rejoicing over large additions to three of the churches as the result of special evangelistic efforts in our field; and there is much work to be done in training these new converts, many of whom know but little of Christian truth. They need to be fed with the pure milk of the Word, and some of them need to be fed with a spoon.

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“God only knows how blessed he could make us if we would only let him.”—*George Macdonald*.



# Junior Work

Evangelistic Medical Educational

## HELPS FOR LEADERS

### WORK FOR THE WEE FOLKS

BY MRS. E. T. MERRELL

"GIVE me a child until he is five, and I care not who has him the rest of his life," said the far-seeing Catholic priest. Recognizing this principle, the Woman's Board of the Interior has organized the beautiful order of "The Wee Folks." Children under six are made members by the payment of a fee, and are given a mite box. A yearly party is held for the babies and the mothers; the boxes are collected and new ones given out. This is the plan in its simplest and general form; but some desire a way of sustaining interest between the annual meetings, and I have been asked to tell how one leader has solved the problem.

The invitations to her party are sent on little blue note paper. And knowing how delighted children are to receive anything through the mail, she has made the little blue notes a means of keeping in touch with the babies and their mothers. To each new baby in the church and congregation a note of welcome is sent. She tries to have it reach the baby while the mother is still in her room. She welcomes the little stranger in the name of the members of the band, hopes the new baby will be able to attend the party in the fall, and then adds her own wish that the Heavenly Father will bless both the babe and his parents.

On her Prayer Calendar the leader enters the name of each member of the band opposite the day of his birth, and notes the year, also, making it an easy matter to keep track of the birthdays, and to remember each child with a note. Greetings are given, the little one is reminded of the mite box, and if it seem wise, the suggestion is made that the pennies be put in each Sunday, and the hope expressed that an extra gift will be made as a birthday thank offering. Attention is called to the party in the fall, and the personal touch is not forgotten, and any special event in the family is noted.

The leader is ever on the lookout for an occasion to send one of the little notes. If a child is sick, and old enough to appreciate it, a note is sent, or the mother is telephoned to or written to, if the child is younger. If a new family having a little child comes to the church, the little one is welcomed to the new home with a note. On last Children's Day a note was sent to

each baby who was baptized. From two on the child is old enough to find pleasure in the little notes, and if younger, the mother is pleased to have her babe remembered.

This year the leader is calling on the mothers, and she plans to write a personal letter to each just before the party next fall. She will inclose the leaflet, which tells of the objects supported by the children's money, the sum contributed by the band last year, and the amount hoped for this year will be stated; and each mother will be asked to let her child do a little more than before, in order to reach the aim.

The children stay in this band until they pass the sixth birthday. At the party the leader gives to each child who graduates into the mission band a little Prayer Calendar, which she has made herself. The children of the W. B. M. I. send gifts to seven different countries. One picture, attractive to children, from each of these countries, is pasted on a dark photographic mount, and with white ink the day of the week and the subject for prayer is printed. One card is lettered for the cover, and the eight leaves are then strung together, like our own Prayer Calendar. Children are fond of having what their mothers have, and little people rejoice in possessing a calendar of their very own.

This leader has been greatly helped in her work by the fact that the senior society "mothers" her Wee Folks' Band. She is called upon at the monthly meetings for a word, which serves to keep the older workers in touch with the little ones. The members have in large measure furnished the pictures for the calendars, and the president is ever ready with help and advice, while the expenses of the party are borne by the older society. The work is thus given a stability and dignity which would be otherwise impossible.

Does this plan, as outlined, seem to involve too much work? Then let me say that not all the work was attempted at the beginning, or even thought of; it has been a growth. But the results have been in proportion to the labor expended, and the leader has been more than repaid for the time and thought given. Since this line of work was begun the contributions have largely increased, and the interest of both the mothers and the children has been greatly stimulated. The mothers have encouraged the leader by telling how the Wee Folks carry the little notes around, and ask to have them read again and again; and how night after night, to the evening prayer, the children add a petition for the little brothers and sisters across the sea, as indicated on the Prayer Calendar. Out of this Wee Folks' Band has grown a large and vigorous mission band, and out of that two older bands, one for boys and one for girls. Does it not pay to sow abundant seed in such fruitful soil?



# Our Work at Home

## OUR DAILY PRAYER IN AUGUST

THE Madura Mission groups its work around ten stations with thirty-five American missionaries. The churches number thirty-six, and nineteen of them are self-supporting. They have a membership of nearly six thousand, and the Christian population reaches about twenty thousand. The native preachers, teachers and Bible women aggregate six hundred and twelve, and the work goes on in five hundred and thirty villages.

Mrs. Tracy superintends day schools in the villages and the work of the Bible women. Mrs. Herrick visits weekly the four schools for Hindu girls in Madura, each one with four or five native teachers, giving impulse and direction to their work. The work at Battalagundu has been greatly aided by the presence for many months of Mr. and Mrs. Eddy. Though not appointed missionaries of the American Board they have during their sojourn identified themselves with the mission in a very sympathetic and helpful way. Mrs. Hazen, always in delicate health, looks after two boarding schools and the Bible women. Mrs. Jeffry is now in this country on furlough.

Mrs. Jones, whose husband is at the head of the Theological School, gives much time to training the wives of the students for future usefulness. She is also busy in literary work, helping about the Christian periodicals in the vernacular which are most useful to native Christians, and teaching a class in higher English. Mrs. Wallace, with her five little ones, is now in this country.

The long-continued ill health of Mr. Banninga has compelled him and his wife to return to the United States. Mrs. Perkins has care of the Bible women and oversight of the boarding school for girls. Miss Quickenden is now in her home in England.

The eighty Bible women, seven fewer than last year, have given regular instruction to nearly four thousand women, and have proclaimed the gospel to more than one hundred and twenty-four thousand hearers. Three hundred and twenty-five native teachers, working under missionary supervision, instruct five thousand five hundred pupils, and are a great agency in the uplift of the people.

The important work of the girls' boarding schools bears blessed results

in transformed lives and many beautiful Christian characters, with wide influence in Hindu homes. Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Van Allen are now at home on furlough.

Mrs. Miller cares for the boarding department of the boys' high and normal school, "and no small task it has been to feed a family of two hundred and fifty boys, with the price of food stuffs much higher." She also gives motherly care to the sick—some always needing this help. Miss Chandler, whom many have learned to love during her sojourn in America, expects to return to her work in the autumn.

Dr. Parker has charge of the hospital for women and children, with these figures for last year: in-patients, five hundred and eighty-five; out-patients, nineteen thousand three hundred and ninety-eight. Mlle. Cronier is her sympathetic and efficient assistant.

Miss Root, whose delicate health has detained her here, rejoices in the hope of returning to Madura in August. Miss Swift has the important task of training the Bible women in the Lucy Perry Noble Bible School, under care of the W. B. M. I. The last report tells of thirteen pupils. The sisters, Misses Noyes, have charge of the high and training school for girls, now enrolling more than three hundred pupils, and well housed in Capron Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood are the only missionaries at Palani, in a population of two hundred and fifteen thousand, with many opportunities for Christian work. She cares for the village schools and the Bible women, a work involving many miles of fatiguing travel by bandy. She, with her husband, superintends the boarding schools for boys and girls (see page 380). The work of Mrs. Vaughan and of Mrs. Holton is similar.

One of the needs that press upon our missionaries in India, and, perhaps, in all our fields, is of suitable literature for the native Christians. What good to teach them to read if they have nothing helpful to put in their hands afterwards, no reading, instructive, refreshing, good for weary hours on Sundays?

The South China Mission is small, having only four missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Hager at Hong Kong, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson at Canton. The Ruth Norton Boarding School for Girls is crowded and many applicants turned away. One or two teachers are sorely needed in this school. Mrs. Nelson has given much valuable service to it, in the lack of a principal, at the cost of her proper work for women and of her own strength. Pray that the right one may soon go to take charge of this school. Mrs. Hager's work is varied, being largely with women and children. For a part of last year she taught a kindergarten until the plague made it necessary to close it.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF W. B. M.

THE Fortieth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Worcester, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, November 13 and 14, 1907. A delegates' meeting will be held on Tuesday, the 12th. The meetings will be held in Plymouth and Union Churches, near each other on Pearl and Chestnut Streets.

The ladies of Worcester will be happy to entertain delegates appointed by Branches, and women who have ever been under appointment as missionaries by the Woman's Board, or the American Board. All such, desiring entertainment, are requested to send their names to Mrs. Edwin H. Marble, 18 Tirrell Street, Worcester, before October 8th. The usual reduction in railroad rates on the certificate plan, is expected.

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 ITEMS OF MISSIONARY NEWS

INDIA.—In thirty districts of India, with a population of thirty millions, there are no mission hospitals for either men or women, and in these great districts very little has been done to bring medical relief to the suffering women and children. Except in the cities and capital towns there are no government hospitals, which means that ninety per cent of the people have no medical aid.

NEW  
HEBRIDES. We read that at a recent communion service on the island of Santo, the missionary baptized and received into church fellowship sixty adults, making three hundred and twenty-nine he has received during his work on the island. The people work at the making of arrow-root for commercial purposes, their only salable product. This is sold in Great Britian, and from the proceeds the people have built a fine church and purchased a motor boat for doing missionary work. They call the boat James Gordon, after the martyred missionary who first brought the gospel to the island. Some of the people are outside the influence of the gospel, and a white man risks his life if he goes among them. Our Bible is being sent out over Russia in twenty languages. Six hundred thousand copies or portions of the Scriptures were circulated in the dominions of the czar last year.

ABORIGINES IN  
AUSTRALIA. About 200,000 of the primitive people of this continent are left—only a remnant of a great population. Though of heathen ancestry and training, some of them are devoted Christians, finding in their new faith comfort in many of the outer afflictions. One of the missions to them was started by a Christian Endeavor Society in

one of the churches in Sydney. Recently, instead of soliciting funds for the work, the society spreads news of the mission by a monthly paper, and depends on gifts moved by conscience and love of Christ. Money is now more abundant and the spiritual level is higher.

But many of the aborigines are still untouched by the gospel, though earnestly longing for its light. Cannibalism remains in some places. Not far from a mission station, a father recently killed and ate his son.

The Moravians have been working among the aborigines in Australia for between fifty and sixty years, and a worker writes recently: "The poor black people at Ramahyuck and in all Gippsland were very miserable and dangerous heathen savages, yet by the Saviour's love and grace they know the truth, and now all the inhabitants, except one, are Christian."—*Ex.*

**SUCCESS IN SUMATRA.** The Rhenish Missionary Society has found a field of especially blessed success on this island, among the people who inhabit a beautiful mountainous region on the west coast of the island. They are surrounded by fanatical Moslems, and would, doubtless, themselves, have adopted the same religion had not Christian missionaries come just when they did. Only a few decades ago they were fierce savages, cannibals and head hunters. Now more than sixty thousand of them are enrolled as Christians, among them a large number of preachers, teachers and elders in churches. The power of the gospel, preached only recently in great opposition and danger, has revolutionized all the conditions of living, and a real development of intellect has gone hand in hand with Christianity. Instead of the former quarrels and dangers, peace and safety now prevail. In one district with twenty thousand inhabitants only a few families remain heathen. Heathenish horrors and sounds have disappeared, and now at the hour of six, morning and evening, the prayer bell sounds from one end of the valley to the other, calling all to give thanks for what the Lord has done for single souls and for the Batak people. In answer to the prayer "Thy kingdom come," it is ever coming deeper in individual hearts, farther and farther among the people, and in the interior of the island.

**IN WEST AFRICA.** The Basel mission, in Camerun, is thriving wonderfully. More than one thousand listeners gather at the Sunday preaching service, and though the hearers understand but imperfectly, yet the word spoken manifestly makes a deep impression. They go away to discuss it among themselves, and this first hearing of the gospel lays hold of the heart of these heathen peoples. The school to which the missionaries wisely give much care is thriving, but suffers from a lack of text-books.

The workers hope to have soon a font of type and a hand press, so that by degrees they can prepare the needed books.

"And is it not time that evangelical missions should advance in West Africa? On all sides it is plain that Islam is determined to lay hold of the country with a strong hand. Now that the bars separating the inner countries from the coast have been taken away in the interest of commerce, all that restrained the Moslems from advance is gone, and their missionaries are crowding forward. Their merchants go everywhere and are ever the *avant couriers* of their preachers." It is far harder to win a Mohammedan country to Christ than one which is still heathen. Shall we Christians sit indifferent and see the followers of the false prophet take possession of this great country?

Ota Benga, a Congo pygmy, who has been living for some time in an orphan asylum at Brooklyn, has refused to accompany an exploring expedition to Africa, for the reason that he wishes to remain in America for a few years and qualify himself to become a missionary. The Baptist Ministers' Association of New York will send him to the Virginia Seminary at Lynchburg, as soon as he has acquired a good knowledge of the English language. Ota Benga was brought over for exhibition purposes last year, and spent some time in the monkey house at the Bronx Zoo, until the colored pastors in New York demanded his removal.

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from May 18 to June 18, 1907.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

### MAINE.

*Eastern Maine Branch.*—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor, Bangor, First Parish Ch., Aux., 6; East Machias, Aux., 20,

*Farmington.*—Desert Palm Soc.,

*Western Maine Branch.*—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. From Incidental Fund, 31.98; Alfred, Aux., 6; Auburn, High St. Ch., M. B., 10; Berwick, South, Aux., 5; Biddeford, Second Ch., Aux., 1; Gorham, Aux., 1; Lebanon Centre, Aux., 6; Lewiston, Pine St. Ch., Aux., 1; Portland, Coll. at State Conf., 2.77, Mrs. Wm. H. Feen (to const. L. M. Mrs. Carl Gates), 25, Bethel Ch., Aux., 1, High St. Ch., Aux., 2, M. C., add'l, 1.52, State St. Ch., Aux., 20, St. Lawrence Ch., Aux., 6, Williston Ch., Aux., 9, Woodfords Ch., Aux., 2; Saco, Extra gifts of other Aux. at Ann. Meet., 10, Coll. at same, 15.34, Aux., 10; Waterville, Aux., 25; Westbrook, Aux., 1,

26 00

56 30

192 61

Total, 274 91

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*New Hampshire Branch.*—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord, Atkinson, A. Dau. of Cov., 50 cts.; Concord, Aux. (Th. Off., 5),

113.75, South Ch., Evening Miss'y Soc., 10; East Jaffrey, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Mary E. Duncan), 25; Farmington, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Clara B. Berry), 25; Hanover, Aux., 32.75; Meredith, Aux., 7; Nashua, Aux. (25 of wh. by Miss Mary A. Frost to const. L. M. Mrs. Margaret E. Frost), 154.03, Pilgrim Ch., Y. L. M. S., 10; Troy, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Henry S. Kimball), 30; Warner, Aux., 6; Webster, Aux., 12.44, Mrs. J. H. Bliss, 5, Mrs. D. A. Macurdy, 5.06,

436 53

### VERMONT.

*Milton.*—Jr. Club,

3 00

*Vermont Branch.*—Mrs. C. H. Stevens, Treas., St. Johnsbury, Barre (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Robert Raeside, Miss Mabel Winch), 41.50; Burlington, First Ch., 42, Opportunity Cir., 12.50; Newport, 8; Middlebury, 37.37; St. Albans, 26; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., 2.05, South Ch., 10.80; Waterbury, 6.38; Westminster West, 13.10,

199 70

Total, 202 70

### MASSACHUSETTS.

*A Friend.*

50

*Andover and Woburn Branch.*—Mrs. Margaret E. Richardson, Treas., 22 Berk-



|   |          |
|---|----------|
| ley St., Reading, Ballardvale, Union Cong. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 6; Lowell, Eliot Ch., Foreign Missy's Soc., 12; Montvale, Social Workers, 4; West Medford, Woman's Christian League (to const. L. M's Mrs. George Hedge, Mrs. Lillian D. Clapp, Miss Irene Ackerman), 75; Winchester, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Christina M. Murdock), 25,   | 122 00   |
| <i>Barnstable Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow, Treas., East Orleans, Cotuit, Th. Off. at Semi-ann. Meet., 13.90; North Falmouth, Aux., 23.02,   | 36 92    |
| <i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas., 123 South St., Pittsfield. Refunded on expense acct., 12.85; Adams, Aux., 36; Canaan Four Corners, Aux., 17.50; Dalton, Y. L. M. S., 8; Housatonic, Aux., 12.10, C. R., 31; Interlaken, Aux., 15; Lee, Second Aux., 5, Cong. S. S., Miss Robbins' and Prim. Classes, 10; Lenox, Aux., 30, Dan. of Cov., 10; North Adams, Haystack M. B., 15; Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux., 70.25, Memorial Ch., Aux., 65, South Ch., Aux., 26.42, Foreign Heralds, 5; South Egremont, Aux., 15; West Stockbridge, Aux., 22.50,   | 406 62   |
| <i>Cambridge.</i> —Friend, through Mrs. E. C. Moore,  | 35 00    |
| <i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah R. Saferford, Treas., Hamilton, Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Ivy Leaves M. C., 25; Cliftondale, C. R., 12, Prim. Dept. S. S., 3; Danvers, First Ch., Travelers' Club, 5.21, Miss'n Study Cl., 15, Maple St. Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Edith H. MacFadden), 105.23; Essex, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.50; Gloucester, A Friend, 35, Trinity Ch., Aux., 31.50, C. E. Soc., 10; Hamilton, Light Bearers, 1.50; Lynn, First Ch., Aux., Len. Off., 30, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Peabody, South Ch., Aux., 200; Salem, Crombie St. Ch., Missionary Helpers, 20, C. R., 4.16; Tabernacle Ch., Aux., Len. Off., 10, Light Bearers, 15, Prim. Dept. S. S., 10; Swampscott, Aux. (Len. Off., 21.17), 31.17,   | 567 27   |
| <i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton, Amherst, Aux., 2, Prim. S. S., 15; Amherst, North, Aux., 5; Amherst, South, Aux., 35.57; Chesterfield, Aux., 17; Haydenville, Girls' M. B., 5; Southampton, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. E. M. Gaylord), 25; Williamsburg, 100,   | 204 57   |
| <i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Mary E. Goodnow, Treas., South Sudbury, Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Framingham, and Mrs. Nancy Bigelow, Southboro, 10; Holliston, 45; Hudson, Aux., 10; Milford, Cong. Ch., Benev. Soc., 40; Natick, Aux., 18.38; South Framingham, Grace Ch., Aux., 28, Y. L. Guild, 14.50, Miss'n Club, 5; Wayland, Semi-ann. Meet., 15.16,  | 186 04   |
| <i>Natick.</i> —Walnut Hill School, Missy's Soc.,   | 35 00    |
| <i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 95 Maple St., Milton, Atlantic, Ladies' Benev. Soc., 5; Weymouth and Braintree, Union Ch., C. E. Soc., 2; Weymouth, South, Union Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 5; Wollaston, Aux. (Len. Off., 75 cts.), 8.75,  | 20 75    |
| <i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common, Shirley, M. C.,   | 5 04     |
| <i>Roxbury.</i> —First Free Baptist Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc.,  | 6 77     |
| <i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Agawam, C. E. Soc., 10; Chicopee, Third Ch., Aux., 5; Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 52.35; Ludlow Center, Aux., 7; Springfield, May Rally Coll., 13.80, First Ch., Opportunity Seekers (to const. L. M's Miss Grace A. Johnson, Miss Ida F. Farrar, Mrs. W. L. Spaulding), 75, Hope Ch., Mission Reserves (to const. L. M. Miss Jessie B. Newton), 25, Cheerful Workers, 15, South Ch., Aux., Miss Carrie Lyon King, 5; Wilbraham, Aux., 7; Wilbraham, North, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Mary Camp Bell), 10,  | 225 15   |
| <i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge, Auburndale, Aux., 21.85; Boston, Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, 5, Central Ch., Aux., 11, Mt. Vernon Ch. (Len. Off., 2), 23, Y. L. M. S., 25; Boston, East, Maverick Ch., Mrs. Delano, 2; Boston, South, Phillips Ch., Aux., 25; Brighton, Pro Christo Club, 7; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 200; Cambridge, North Ave. Ch., Y. L. M. S., 50, Pilgrim Ch., Dau. of Cov., 40, Prospect St. Ch., World Dept. Women's Guild (C. R., 5) (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Caroline E. H. Rogers), 23.75; Charlestown, First Ch., Aux., 10; Chelsea, Central Ch., World Dept. Women Workers, 50; Dorchester, Romsey Ch., Aux., 10, C. E. Soc. 5, Second Ch., Aux., Len. Off., 39.55, Village Ch. (Len. Off., 15.18), 50.18; Hyde Park, Aux., 75.21; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., Len. Off., 25.16; Mansfield, Aux., Len. Off., 2; Medfield, Aux., 6.10; Neponset, Stone Aux., Len. Off., 17.55; Newton Highlands, Aux., 14.20; Roxbury, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept., 34.40, S. S., 10, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10; Roxbury, West, Anatolia Club (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Miss Nellie S. Morris, Miss Grace T. Gilman), 40; Somerville, Prospect Hill Ch., Aux., 20; Wellesley Hills, Aux., Mrs. M. S. Cary, 5, Shadow Club, 20, | 883 95   |
| <i>West Brookfield.</i> —Miss Mary J. Holt,   | 1 00     |
| <i>Winchester.</i> —Off. at Semi-ann. Meeting,  | 56 65    |
| <i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Theodore H. Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester, Athol, C. R., 5; Clinton, Pro Christo Soc., 10.50; Holden, Aux., 40; Oakham, Aux., 5.40; Rockdale, Aux., 46.25; Spencer, Y. W. M. C., 14; Sturbridge, Aux., 22; Winchendon, W. M. B., 1, King's Dau., 10; Worcester, Old South Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. Almon Fales, Mrs. John Cummins), 45; Plymouth Ch., Aux., 19; Union Ch., Aux., 20,   | 238 15   |
| Total,  | 3,031 38 |
| LEGACIES.   |          |
| <i>Beverly.</i> —Mrs. Nancy Lefavour Odell, by Charles L. Odell, Extr.,   | 250 00   |
| <i>Somerville.</i> —Miss Mary E. Sweetser, through Aux., North Ave. Ch., Cambridge,   | 330 00   |
| <i>Springfield.</i> —Miss Elizabeth W. Merriam, through Treas., Springfield Branch,   | 1,005 00 |
| Total,  | 1,585 00 |

## RHODE ISLAND.

*Rhode Island Branch.*—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Bristol, Aux., 87.75. Infant Dept. S. S., 10; Carolina, Mrs. Mary L. Tinkham, 10; Central Falls, Aux., 69.87; Howard, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.64; Providence, Beneficent Ch., Beneficent Dau. (to const. L. M's Mrs. Asbury E. Krom, Miss Bertha M. Bassett, Miss Marion A. Puffer), 75. Elmwood Temple, Willing Band, 25, Plymouth, Ch., Aux., 17.50, Dau. of Cov., 48, Union Ch., The Friends, King's Dau. Cir., 5,

350 76

## CONNECTICUT.

*Eastern Conn. Branch.*—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Brooklyn, Aux., 19.63; Central Village, Aux., 17.71; Colchester, Aux. (Easter Off., 7) (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. A. A. Baker, Mrs. W. C. Burpee, Mrs. P. R. Strong), 48, Boys' M. B., 6, C. R., 2, Wide Awake M. C., 11.07; Danielson, Aux. (prev. contri. to const. L. M's Miss Marion Danielson Chollar, Mrs. Marcella Cook Hopkins, Miss Corinne Paine); East Woodstock, Aux., 12; Greeneville, Aux., 35.58; Groton, Aux. (50 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Marianna W. Brown, Mrs. Clara B. Whitman), 54.50, S. S. Beginners' Class, 3.01; Hampton, Aux., 7; Hanover, Aux., 23.40; Lishon, Newent S. S., Younger Classes, 2.47; New London, First Ch., Aux., 34.07, Dau. of Cov., 2.50, C. E. Soc., 7.36, Second Ch., Aux., 3.35, C. R., 6.80; Niantic, S. S., 7; North Woodstock, Aux., 11.75; Norwich, Broadway Ch., Aux., 1.830, C. R., 8.54, First Ch., Light Bearers, 4.53, Park Ch., Aux., 5, C. R., 4.18, The Travelers' Club, 5.10, Infant Cl. S. S., 1.81, Second Ch., C. R., 5.35, Boys' Mission Class and Thistle-down M. C., 4.65; Plainfield, C. E., Soc., 5; Preston City, Aux., 10.25; Taftville, Aux., 34.93, Jr. C. E., Soc., 3; Voluntary and Sterling, Aux., 6; Wauregan, Aux., 20,

2,263 54

*Hartford Branch.*—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Buruside, Aux., 14.07; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Miss'n Club, 40, Jr. Cir., 20, Farmington Ave. Ch., Aux., 1, First Ch., Aux., by Miss Ada M. Stearns, 5, M. C., 103.66, Prim. S. S., 5; New Britain, First Ch., Aux., 70.41, South Ch., Calder Club, 26; Somers, C. E. Soc., 20; South Windsor, M. C., 10; Southington, Aux., 20; Suffield, Ladies' For. Miss'y Soc., 15,

350 14

*New Haven Branch.*—Miss Julia Twining, Treas., 314 Prospect St., New Haven. Friends, 1,500; Bethel, Aux., 40; Chester, Aux., 100; Cornwall, Aux., 23; Derby, First Ch., Aux., 42.50; East Haven, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Miss Clara Street, Mrs. S. R. Chidsey, Mrs. H. H. Bradley, Mrs. Theodore Thompson), 98.41; Essex, Aux. (50 of wh. to const. L. M's Miss Ellen La Place, Miss Philanda Williams), 58.50; Guilford, Third Ch., Aux., 11; Harwinton, Aux., 20; Ivoryton, Aux., 98; Meriden, Centre Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's

Mrs. J. R. Boice, Mrs. C. S. Kelsey, Mrs. Rachel D. Ames, Mrs. G. A. Arnold, Mrs. M. W. Booth, Mrs. John Wilcox, Mrs. James P. Grosvenor, Miss Flora Buckley), 130, First Ch., Aux., 4; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 37.51, South Ch., Aux., 50.67; New Canaan, Aux., 68; New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 284.50, City Mission Mothers' Aux., 4, Davenport Ch., Aux., 5.12, Dwight Place Ch., Aux., 40, United Ch., Aux., 480, Yale College Ch., Aux., 30.40; Westport (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. Lorinda M. Dibble, Mrs. Warren P. Landers, Mrs. William H. Saxton),

3,165 61

Total, 5,779 29

## NEW YORK.

*Bayport.*—Mrs. W. E. Newton, by Mrs. Jennie Newton Whitbeck, 5 00  
*Corbetsville.*—A Friend, 37 50

## PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

*Philadelphia Branch.*—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. *Md.*, Baltimore, Associate Ch., C. E. Soc., 37.50, Jr. C. E. Soc., 16; *N. J.*, Montclair, Watchung Ave. Ch., Aux., 13.38; Plainfield, Aux., 107.97; *Pa.*, Germantown, Neesima Guild, 36, Jr. Neesima Guild, 10; Meadville, Aux., 40; Philadelphia, Central Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Isabel M. Cole), 40; Y. L. M. S., 2, Pearl Seekers, M. C., 2.55, Snyder Ave., Aux., 10, Rakers of Light M. C., 5, Sugar Grove, Mrs. John McLean, 50 cts,

320 90

## GEORGIA.

*Atlanta.*—Atlanta Univ. Ch. of Christ, 19.50; C. E. Soc., 10.52, 30 02

## FLORIDA.

*W. H. M. U.*—Mrs. Catharine A. Lewis, Treas., Mount Dora. Sanford Aux., 4 00

## INDIANA.

*Lowell.*—Mrs. E. N. Morey, 5 00

## CANADA.

Cong. Woman's Board of Missions, 656 25

## SPAIN.

*Madrid.*—International Inst., C. E. Soc., 10 75

Donations, 9,457 24  
Buildings, 1,510 75  
Specials, 177 00  
Legacies, 1,585 00

Total, \$12,729 99

## TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1906 TO JUNE 18, 1907.

Donations, 72,311 63  
Buildings, 3,981 63  
Specials, 2,915 77  
Legacies, 8,386 50

Total, \$87,595 53

# Board of the Pacific

## President.

Miss LAURA M. RICHARDS,  
Saratoga, Cal.

## Treasurer.

Miss MARY McCLEES,  
Adams Street, Oakland, Cal.

## Foreign Secretary.

Mrs. E. R. WAGNER,  
San Jose, Cal.

## Editor Pacific Department in Life and Light.

Mrs. E. A. EVANS,  
Mill Valley, Cal.

## CONDITIONS IN NORTH CHINA

A most interesting collection of letters has come into our hands—a Round Robin—written by all the ladies who compose our North China Mission, while assembled at Mission Meeting at Tung-chou, in April, and sent to their sisters in His service, who are now “exiles in America,” as Dr. Mark Williams speaks of all those who have at one time been privileged to labor on the foreign field, and are now, for various reasons, in this country. Each letter in this budget stirs one to the very depths, and I cannot help quoting from some of them, that all of us who “hold the ropes” may be informed of the situation, may listen to each appeal, and may do all we can to lighten the heavy burden which is laid upon our sisters in China. The first extract is from a letter by Mrs. Tucker. In speaking of the Deputation, she says:—

THEY personally have brought much to us, but as representatives of the Board, we can hardly say their visit was encouraging or cheering, because they found it their painful duty to tell us of the straitened condition of the Board, and in effect to tell us that we cannot grow except as the native church grows in numbers and means, with such assistance as we, in diminished numbers; and with no increase of means can give. It was painful for them to have to tell us this; and Dr. Moore, Chairman of the Prudential Committee, told us with quivering voice and tearful eyes. All this, too, in the face of the great Centennial of Foreign Missions, celebrating the centenary of such wonderful work in China! Will He not do greater things both through his children in America and in China?

One other detail of business is hard to mention, for it is not going forward in the spirit of the twentieth century, nor in the spirit of the new era that is upon us with full force, especially in our work in the Shantung field, where such hundreds and hundreds have turned to us asking instruction. It is, that the mission moved, that in view of Dr. Barton's and Dr. Moore's frank confessions of the American Board's \$1,000,000 plant, with only \$800,000 to run it, and practically insisting we must curtail, that we say our work

would be less crippled if we move our Lin Ching missionaries to Pang-Chuang, and work Lin Ching's immense field of twenty-one counties, of dense population, from Pang-Chuang, in addition to all of Pang-Chuang's work. This may be done in a way, but what about the women there? They are to be left as they have been the past seven years, more or less, and there is to be a one-sided church consisting of men only! May the dear Lord hear our cry, and help us in his own time and way.

Through the eyes of a guest at annual meeting we have another glimpse of the situation, which cannot fail to impress us and appeal to our sympathies:—

Two great impressions stand out in my mind, as I have sat in the meetings of the North China Mission and heard the discussions. The first was aptly expressed by Dr. Barton—the great necessity for “team work.” The need and importance for everyone—missionaries, Board and Women's Boards—to pull together. It takes a long, strong pull, and a pull altogether, to accomplish this great work intrusted to us.

The other impression that almost overwhelmed me is the pressure of the work. From all stations comes the cry for reinforcements and recruits. And the Deputation, instead, had to make known what well-nigh breaks our hearts, that there must be another kind of a *re*; namely, retrenchments. It makes our hearts burn within us as we are “allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel,” and we ask, Are we going to stand by and see these people perish for lack of knowledge? Yes, it is the same old story, the church at home is not awake nor alive to the great opportunity, therefore, the missionaries cut down salaries to the quick, and stint themselves that the work may go on. I speak as an outsider, so gladly permitted to be in these meetings, and in the short space of this letter I cannot say all I wish, but my heart is aching and well-nigh breaking, as I see the saddened faces of my friends, because of the conditions at home. Wake up, friends! Pull together, and let the necessary reinforcements, both of men and women and means, come. Above all, prayer is essential, heart cries to God for the maintenance of his work, that his name may continue to be exalted before the heathen.

Miss M. H. Porter, of Peking, writes:—

WE had such a peculiarly interesting lecture for women yesterday that I want to tell you about it before the memory is dim. The speaker was Miss Chi, a maiden lady of forty-five. She was the only child of her parents, and her father educated her as if she had been a son, and also allowed her to dress as a lad that he might take her with him wherever he went. So she was often in official courts and at the foreign office, and was treated as his

son. This, we find, is not a very unusual thing, even in the best circles. We have made the acquaintance of several such young women from good homes within the last few years. Miss Chi's parents are now dead and she is the head of the house, living with the two inferior wives of her father, who survive him. She is charming in manner, very dignified and direct, with the air of one accustomed to deference, but demanding it by her character rather than her position. She has established a private school for girls, and of all the teachers we meet, is the one whose methods and aims seem most commendable. Several of her pupils attend many of our services, and there is a feeling of genuine friendliness growing between us. We had two great Chinese flags, which Miss Miner has purchased for the college, draped over the door of the Angell Memorial rooms, in the main one of which the gathering was held. The ladies began to come in a little after one. They were received by Miss Russell and the Bible women in our pleasant reception room, where tea was served, and then they were seated in the lecture hall. The subject of the lecture was, "Love of Country."

Miss Chi, to our gratification, did not speak in stilted, classical style, suited to win admiration, but not comprehension, from her listeners, but in clear, intelligible Mandarin. She used few pronounced colloquialisms, but in her conversation she would introduce those sparingly, so this was her ordinary daily speech, a pleasure to hear, and such a good model for our college girls, whom we want to guard against pedantry, as against laxness.

The subject matter was sensible and admirably put, but conventional and with little originality. We were proud, however, to hear any Chinese woman, with no Western training, do so well. We were exceedingly pleased that she, a pronounced Confucianist, is willing to come herself and bring her pupils to this Christian mission. We had such a company of women as I have never seen gathered before. Women of the same rank and education we have met in little groups, but here they were at their best; women who have aspirations and want to learn what the present unrest and new ways mean.

Perhaps twenty or thirty of these are connected with official families. There were more than a hundred and fifty present. The exclusive Anglican mission, which joins us in no religious service, sent three of their leading teachers. Mrs. Jewell, of M. E. Mission, brought her most advanced girls. We could invite but few of our many Christian Chinese friends because our room would not accommodate those who might have come. The leaders in the educational and charitable work of the city whom we know best, declined our invitation because their schools are just opening and they could not take the time. Some of them are raising funds for famine relief

and could not be away from their headquarters. One of these ladies asked the Bible woman, who invited them, to bring a package of the pictures of the famine sufferings, which they have had printed by the thousands, and sell for about three cents apiece, to dispose of at the meeting. We opened with the singing of a new national air, recently composed with appropriate words by some patriotic soul, which they are introducing in the schools, by the small number of our elder girls who were present. Miss Chi spoke for an hour, holding the attention of the two rooms full of women, in spite of the confusion by the coming and going of those who could not find seats. The girls sang the national air a second time, and then the Bible woman made a plea for the sufferers from the famine in Hupeh. Women began at once to crowd about the speaker's table with their gifts: All the sheets of pictures were quickly sold, and their price and the money contributed amounted to more than twenty silver dollars. We are so glad to have this to send to the Woman's Relief Society, who are working indefatigably for this cause. Miss Chi was as much surprised as pleased at this addition to the program of the afternoon. Miss Miner invited the guests to go through the college and academy buildings, and we all had opportunity for making acquaintances and giving invitations for religious services. Miss Russell's patient, tactful labor in opening and carrying on this lecture work is bringing reward beyond our hopes. It is enlarging our acquaintance with the very women who are to be influential, and whom we could not easily reach in any other way, and has brought many under the teachings of the gospel. As we become friends they will care to know our best, and through such agencies we may plant seeds of life.

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MORAVIAN MISSIONS  
IN THE WEST INDIES.

The annual report of the superintendent of this work in those small islands known as the Leeward Group, seven in number, gives interesting facts, and between the lines we find hints of heroic labor. In some islands epidemics have prevailed, in some severe drought, and others have lost many church members by their migration to Panama—really an exodus, the missionary writes. Yet they find cause for encouragement, and the report from St. Thomas says, "We believe that people are beginning to realize that immorality, drunkenness and Sabbath breaking are greater dangers to our people than the often repeated and emphasized ills, such as decline of trade, stagnation of business and agriculture, and all the other topics that for years, and constantly year in and year out, constitute the plaint of our West India communities."

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## SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVELING IN AFRICA

BY MISS REDICK

I HAVE just returned from a two weeks' visit to some of the stations, Chalonda, Chisamba and Kapango, the latter a new station of the English mission. I wanted to have Mr. Woodside do some work on my teeth and was glad to see some of the missionaries and people again. The journey was a hard one on account of rain and swollen streams. The second day from here we were delayed an hour or so about noon in a camp on account of a heavy rain, and then we decided to go on to Chilonda, instead of camping again as we should have done. About four o'clock another rain came on, and although the hardest part of it did not reach us, we received the effect of it in slippery paths, sometimes full of water, and a cold, driving rain set in. I walked a good deal as the boys were all tired, and up the slippery hills it would have been next to impossible to carry a tepoia. I wore my waterproof, but it was more of a hindrance than a help as my short skirt and high boots were more comfortable to walk in; besides, I had already gotten wet from the high grass before the rain became so steady.

I had my first fall that day, too. They had turned out of the path as it was so slippery and the back man fell into a hole. Neither of us was hurt. Well, we reached Chilonda after six o'clock, but I had sent one of the boys ahead to tell Mrs. Sanders we were coming. As my bed load containing

my clothes was some distance behind, Mrs. Sanders gave me what I needed of hers, and I did not mind if the skirt was a little short.

I was relieved when all the boys got in and were looked after. We were too tired to go on the next day, and I was glad to visit with the ladies there; besides, one of the boys had a touch of fever. By having a hot bath and taking quinine I avoided the cold which I felt coming. Mrs. Sanders' little girls, Lola and Amy, were so entertaining; and Mrs. Figg's and Mrs. McKinnon's babies were great attractions.

The next day we went on to Cisamba, but I had a headache all day and did not enjoy the journey that would otherwise have been pleasant, as we had no rain and the road was comparatively easy. I had a pleasant visit of several days with Mrs. Melville and Mrs. Bell, and about one day in visiting their schools. Mr. Woodside was away with Mr. Sanders, of Kamundongo, looking at the new site for their station, but he returned the next day. That same day the men who had gone to the Njenje country for cattle returned bringing four hundred and thirty-three head. There was great rejoicing that day as all were well, at least, no one had been seriously ill. Some of the cattle belonged to Chiyuka and other near villages.

I was glad to spend a Sunday at Chisamba and meet the people I know there. The following Wednesday I reached Kapango where the day before Dr. Sparks had been buried. He had come hoping the change of climate might do him good, as he already had tuberculosis, but he was taken ill with fever and dysentery, which was epidemic there for a time among the missionaries and he had no strength to rally. His throat became affected and he rapidly became worse. He had come out at his own expense, but was anxious to do some good work here. Dr. Wellman was finally sent for, Mr. Figg going to Chiyaka to be with Mrs. Wellman during the doctor's absence. The doctor reached Kapango on Saturday, and Dr. Sparks died on Monday. It was very sad, but they all say the sick man showed a beautiful spirit through all his suffering.

I spent one day at Kapango and then started for home, although they urged me to stay longer, at least until Monday, but I wanted to get back to school here, and I was afraid Mrs. Neipp would think something was wrong if I did not come as I promised and I had no opportunity of sending word.

One of my carriers had hurt his foot the day we went to Chisamba, and he was not able to carry any more, so Mr. Lane put one of his men on my tepoia, but the morning we left one of the others was sick with fever. Then I wanted to wait over until Monday, but he was the more anxious to



go on and the others all urged me to go. We gave Sakupia a good dose of medicine to begin with, and Mrs. Lane prepared more for him, giving it to me. But he was able to go only an hour when we had to stop at a village. One of the others had relatives there so we knew he would be taken care of. He did not want anyone to stay with him, and I was already far ahead. That day I had a hard time at one of the rivers. It was late in the afternoon when we came to the bridge to find it sunken far below the water and only a few light sticks for holding by appearing above the water. It was dangerous for them, to try to carry me across, and I did not like the thought of wading. It had begun to rain but we went back to find another path leading to a bridge; but finally it seemed useless to go any further, and as I had been walking up the hill and was very wet I said it would not hurt to get a little more wet so we returned and I waded. After that I dared not get into the tepoia again, and was very tired before getting to the camp we were bound for. There were a lot of other travelers in the huts but they turned out of the largest and best for me, and my boys made a good fire and then withdrew while I hastily changed my wet clothes for dry ones. I then had tea as soon as possible and was none the worse for my wetting. I gave quinine to the youngest boys that night—most of the others going to a near village to sleep. One small hut was left for the others.

We had a meeting that evening to which the other caravan came, and we heard our boys singing at the village. We were off early the next morning, and were going well when one of my carriers stepped on a broken bottle in a stream and cut his foot badly. We tied it up as best we could with some pieces of muslin in my bag, but, of course, he could not carry that day and he had not yet taken his turn. Sumbo, a young boy who was carrying my food box, gave it to Nandi, who was not carrying much of anything, and ran on ahead to tell some of the boys here to come out and meet us. Several came and ran on with the tepoia, coming up the hill almost as fast as the level. I was glad to get home. The one who was ill has not yet come, and this morning several went to meet him, saying if he could not walk they would carry him.

Mr. and Mrs. Neipp have been telling me all that happened while I was gone, and seemed glad to have me back. They are beginning to dread my leaving; and how I do wish there was a prospect of a lady for here to come this dry season. If it seemed wise, I would gladly stay until some one should come.

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“You will never win the world for Christ by your spare cash.”

## THE SCHOOL AT PALANI STATION, MADURA DISTRICT, SOUTH INDIA

In the years 1876, 1877 and 1878, Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Chandler were in charge of the Palani Station; 1877 and 1878 were years of great famine. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler started an orphanage for boys and girls of all ages. So far as I know this was the first boarding school in the station. Toward the end of 1878 Mr. Chandler was transferred to the Battalugundu Station. They took the orphans with them, and the school was closed.

Rev. and Mrs. Hazen were in charge of the station from 1885 to 1888. They had a boarding school for boys only. In 1888 they were transferred to the Dindigul Station, and the school was again closed.

Rev. and Mrs. Elwood were sent to the Palani Station in June, 1892. Owing to the fact that there had been no resident missionary for so many years, the buildings were out of repair. All the mud houses of the teachers had fallen down. The boarding school buildings were in a bad state, so that it was not possible for us to reopen the boarding schools until January, 1895.

We received both boys and girls. You will notice that for seventeen years there had been no boarding school for girls. At first there were so many large, Christian boys in the station who wanted to attend the boarding school that the number of boys far exceeded that of the girls. But as we became more familiar with the work of the station, we began to realize how much the station work was suffering because of the lack of education among the Christian women. With the exception of the daughters of catechists and teachers, it was almost impossible to find a Christian woman in the villages who could read. They seemed to have no desire for nor interest in education for their daughters. For the boys it was of course the proper thing.

It was with the utmost difficulty that we persuaded some of the village Christians to permit their girls to "Go so far away from home to attend school." "Of what use is learning to a girl?" was the attitude of many. Needless to say we received no fees for them. But by persistent effort in their behalf through all these years, we have, I think, attained our object in awakening in the hearts of our village Christians a desire for something better for their girls as well as for their boys.

From the beginning we have been fortunate in the teachers which we have had. The spiritual influence has been strong. Personal work has been fruitful here, as everywhere, and the majority of the children who have left the school united with the church either before or shortly after leaving the school.

It has been a home of refuge for a number of boys and girls who, in the village schools, have learned of Jesus, and believing in and accepting him, have been cast out by Hindu relatives. There have been a number of very interesting histories of this sort, but space does not permit me to write of them now. At the beginning of the year we had thirty girls, and half as many boys; but a few girls left, owing to illness and other causes. There are enough day scholars to bring the total to fifty. In the last government examination the boarding school stood highest of all the schools in town. The inspector praised highly the girls' drill and sewing, the latter being as near perfect as hand work can be.

The children study the Scripture lessons in the Bible Union scheme of study prepared by the mission. For two years the Palani school has carried off the banner given for highest honors; also two prizes. The children were very proud of winning the banner two years in succession, for the competition is keen, and Diindigul school came near getting it. They marched to the church the first Sunday, and on several other occasions, carrying the banner, and singing, "There's a royal banner given for display to the soldiers of the King."

The school is a veritable beehive, for each child has his duties, and they are busy with work, study or play from dawn to nine o'clock in the evening. There is little time for idle hands to get into mischief. We have two Y. P. S. C. E. Societies, Senior and Junior, with meetings once a week. Very few of the children have money to give, but they give a portion of their daily allowance of rice, and this is sold and the amount credited to the Society.

The reports of the wonderful revivals which have taken place in different parts of India during the past year have stirred our people, and they seem to have a real desire for a great blessing. Much prayer has been offered in the regular meetings, and in June a daily prayer meeting was started to pray for a revival. It is held in the schoolroom from 7.30 to 8.30 every evening. Of course many of the children do not really know what it is that they are praying for, but we are seeing a wonderful change and growth in their prayer life already; and we believe in his own time and in his own way the Lord will answer these earnest prayers.

The majority of our children come from very poor families. The year has been one of almost famine conditions; prices are very high, fees very few, and the problem of feeding the children a very serious one. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." And He will not fail us now; though sometimes, when faith is weak, the burden is heavy.

There are four teachers in the school: Mr. Y. Samiadian, head master and teacher of fourth standard; Ponnamal, wife of head master, and teacher of third standard; Arrokiam, one of our former pupils, and daughter of one of the Bible women, teacher of the second standard; Jebamoni, teacher of first and infant standards, one of our former pupils.

The head master and his wife have been with us a number of years, and are both fine teachers, especially of Scripture. Ponnamal took the highest prize in the second class in Scripture in the annual examination of all mission agents last year. Arrokiam and Jebamoni are young teachers. Jebamoni was deeply impressed in a recent prayer meeting, and seems to have received a very definite blessing.

The school fills a very definite and important place in the work of the station, and is one of the most important branches of our mission work. It deserves and should have your most earnest prayers and hearty support. Next to preaching the gospel to the heathen, no work is more important than that of training the young people and the little ones in our congregations; and there is no better way to do this than in our boarding schools. In no other way can we get so close to them, and through them to our Christian community.

There have been many instances of renewed hearts, changed lives, young lives lifted out of ignorance, of unwholesome environment, and educated and sent forth to do their part in the uplifting of their people out of darkness, superstition and sin.

Pray for us. We need nothing so much as this. Help us all you can, for we can use all the gifts you can send us. We have many needs. May He who loves the little ones bless those who give and those who labor in their behalf.

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## CHINA

Miss Alice U. Hall writes from Ponasang, Foochow, China:—

We had a very busy and long term and the eighteen girls graduating, and having to have each show off, made a heap of work in rehearsals and drilling in the singing, but we felt repaid for it all because they did so well commencement day. The exercises were held in the church, and many came to hear them; one heathen man, who was especially interested, said afterwards, that he never supposed the girls in China could do so well. Our six college graduates are, most of them, to enter the teaching profession at once: one we keep with us, one has charge of the new little girls' school, to be started down the lane, and one goes to assist Miss Chittenden, and one goes away

up country to teach in the Methodist school; so we feel they are to begin at once to do work for the Master, and, we hope, will bring many souls into the Kingdom.

I was just called down stairs to talk with two Chinese men; one of whom brought his friend to make application for three children to come into the day school, and they are seven, eight and nine years, respectively, and none of them have ever read at all. He is very anxious to have them come, and he said he thought the girls and boys should both have the opportunity to learn; when they are little they can be led aright so much easier than when older, and the little minds are so open to the truth.

At New Year's time, which comes in February in China, a party of us went at midnight to the Emperor's temple to see the mandarins do honor to the Emperor's tablet—and it was a very fascinating sight with the large courts lighted with the burning firebrands and lanterns—and the officials came in order of their rank, the lowest first, and after stepping from his chair, green or blue as his rank allowed, his attendants took him into an anteroom where he donned a long sable coat and a fancy red silk hat, only worn in the presence of the Emperor or in his temple; then, as the men came, they all marched into the central court, and amidst the crowd of Chinese, they knelt down on the red cushions and knocked their heads on the ground nine times, doing respect to his tablet. Such foolishness! but all of these many officials were required to do it; then they visited a little and rode off again. Later on in the day we went to see some officers worship Confucius, and also we were fortunate to see several of their wives worshipping—rather a rare sight. One man, after tossing the stone, said his fortune this new year was not to be very good; he comes every year to see what the fates have in store for him.

Mrs. Mary Williams Hemingway writes from Tai-ku, February 19, 1907:—

Next week Miss Heebner and I plan for a women's class for two weeks' Bible study. We hope soon to be really training Bible women, and have two or three advanced readers, but most of it is beginning work. So few Christian women in Tai-ku, and so few women who are anxious to study! We are not discouraged—it is only natural where so many of the promising Christians were taken away by martyrdom that the building again of the Church should take time. The village work seems our most promising outlook.

But Fen-cho-fu is so different, so many women eager to learn—and intelligent! Miss Heebner has told you of her class there before Christmas, and how hungry they were to study and learn. The women tell me of this

one and that one who didn't want to take time to eat for thinking of the day's lesson. More are coming this spring for another class; and it will be all that Miss Heebner can do to take more—she comes back so tired from the classes! We do need a young woman so much for Fen-cho-fu! I know you know this need, and want to send her as much as we long to have her.

Besides the girls' school here, the visiting of women in our out-stations and starting of little primary schools—all of our promising village work—falls on Miss Heebner for the Tai-ku field. Mrs. Corbin and I, with our two little babies, are tied down and cannot leave home for more than a day's trip, usually

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## MISSIONARY ITEMS

THE Sudan is the largest unevangelized mission field. With a population between 60,000,000 and 70,000,000 it has fewer than fifty missionaries. Ten of the fifteen great provinces have not one mission station or missionary. If a new worker was sent out every day, and each one took a parish of 10,000 people, it would take over sixteen years to occupy the Sudan.—*Selected.*

John D. Rockefeller has just given \$100,000 to the United Presbyterian Mission Board for work in Egypt and the Sudan.

With special reference to undertaking the education of girls, a Japanese official said to a missionary recently, "Our government had no hope of success in founding schools for girls till the good results you had obtained gave us courage."

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## WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR

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RECEIPTS FROM MAY 10, TO JUNE 10, 1907

|                          |          |   |             |
|--------------------------|----------|---|-------------|
| ILLINOIS . . . . .       | 1,010 65 | MISCELLANEOUS . . . . .                   | 129 00      |
| IOWA . . . . .           | 265 86   | Receipts for the month . . . . .          | \$5,150 36  |
| KANSAS . . . . .         | 162 60   | Previously acknowledged . . . . .         | 37,365 41   |
| MICHIGAN . . . . .       | 1,217 49 | Total since October, 1906 . . . . .       | \$42,515 77 |
| MISSOURI . . . . .       | 82 00    |   |             |
| NEBRASKA . . . . .       | 85 96    | ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS. |             |
| OHIO . . . . .           | 1,290 57 | Receipts for the month . . . . .          | \$163 07    |
| SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . .   | 53 02    | Previously acknowledged . . . . .         | 809 25      |
| WISCONSIN . . . . .      | 494 83   | Total since October, 1906 . . . . .       | \$972 32    |
| WYOMING . . . . .        | 95 38    |   |             |
| NORTH CAROLINA . . . . . | 30 00    |   |             |
| PENNSYLVANIA . . . . .   | 200 00   |   |             |
| AFRICA . . . . .         | 25 00    |   |             |
| JAPAN . . . . .          | 18 00    |   |             |

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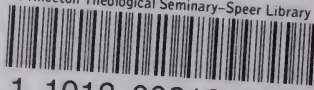


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